Long Day, Longer Night. by boogiewrites

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Summary:

A long day turns into an even longer night after you find yourself alone with the Chief…yet again. (My Valentine's fic. Tried to make something romantic and wax poetic a bit.) <3

Long Day, Longer Night.

You rubbed your eyes after finally shutting the file in front of you. You yawn and stretch, looking out at the empty darkened station. You'd had an absolutely exhausting day. Why did teenagers always have to try and run?

You pull the Hawkins police sweatshirt back down after your stretch and over your jeans. You'd elected to change into what you found in your car and at the station after running through the woods after those brats today. A Deputy covered in mud wasn't a part of the impression you wanted to leave on people.

You decide to see if there's any coffee left to take with you on your way home to ward off the deep muscle tiredness threatening to close in. You twist your torso and shake your limbs. You shut off your desk lamp and lock the doors to the station, officially calling it a night. You turn to walk down the hallway to the break room and see that Hopper's desk light is on in his office, his door pulled to. You hadn't even noticed he hadn't left. You pass his office, he's at his desk, sipping a steaming cup of coffee over a mess of paperwork. The yellow light of his desk lamp is the only source of illumination, the new moon not offering any assistance through his window. His eyes flick up at you as you pass his window, you give him a nod and go to the breakroom. You were so thankful he'd just made more coffee, he must have plans to be here all night. You get one of the big cups from the cabinet and pour. You're sipping noisily at the rim of the styrofoam cup as you walk towards his office and knock on the door, opening it to walk through the threshold.

"I didn't know you were still here." he said, not looking up.

"I didn't know you were here either." you replied, sitting in the chair across from his desk. He glances at his watch and stretches, letting out a loud groan. You set your cup on his desk, your elbows resting on the edges of the arms of your chair. He rubs his face and slouches on his elbows and looks you over.

"Those kids still giving you trouble?" he voice was low and slow, tired but still trying to give you a hard time. You blank your

expression at him, your true reaction of a playful smile pulls through on your lips despite your attempts to hide it.

“In the form of paperwork and muscle soreness, yes.” you nod and lift your cup to your lips, sitting it back down. “It needed to be finished since I’ll be out all day tomorrow.”

“So you finished it?” he asks, an eyebrow raised at you. His voice slipped into his Chief tone too easily for your liking at this hour.

“Yes sir, Chief, sir.” you salute him and roll your eyes. “It’s late Hop, turn it off for the night?” you tilt your head and ask with an attitude. He has the urge to roll his eyes at you for your insubordination but knew on a personal and not professional level that you were right. He sighs and nods, reaching into his desk.

“Yes ma'am, Deputy, ma'am.” he mocks your response and pulls out a small bottle of liquor from his drawer and pours some in both your cups of coffee. You nod in approval.

“Ah, there ya are, Jimmy boy.” you tease as you both look at the other over your cups. “Thanks,” you add softly, leaning back into the chair and crossing your legs, cup between both your hands, your elbows rested on the arms of the chair. “What’s kept you here this late?” you inquire, your posture softening.

“Commissioner shit.” he mumbles, closing the files and setting them on a filing cabinet against the wall.

“Need another set of eyes on it?” you ask reluctantly.

“I thought we were turning it off for the night?” his head tilts with smugness at using your own words against you. He was good at that. You shrug and nod.

“You’re right,” you say into your cup, taking another sip. The heat from the coffee warming up your muscles. “Rough day for you too huh?” you say empathetically. He lets out a huff of breath.

“Yeah.” his tongue works against his teeth, he nods and takes in the mess on his desk.

“After a day like this, I’d usually go home, curl up with Richard and orgasm myself to sleep.” you try to make him laugh, looked like he needed it. His shoulders shake as you succeed, finally cutting the tension.

“Yeah, that’s called for after today. I suspect my time will be spent much the same.” his laugh is gruff. He takes another sip of coffee

“The thing is, I can’t do that tonight though.” you let out an exaggerated sigh, shaking your head.

“And why not?” he takes your bait and shakes his head with reluctance for asking.

“He died over the weekend.” you say, your body shaking from a held in laugh.

“Oh no,” he laughs out loud again. “He was a good man. I knew him well,” he smirks, taking another quick sip. “You finally killed him, huh?” his face was full of amusement at you.

“I like to think he went out happy.” your laugh escapes you finally, you sit forward to place your cup on his desk. “I mean, he left me a pretty happy woman before he passed.” you bite your lip, to hold back a dumb smile. Hopper didn’t try to hide his, the corners of his mouth were drawn back into a goofy grin at you.

“To Richard.” he raises his glass in a toast and you reciprocate.

“To Richard.” you nod.

“Should I send sympathy flowers?” his voice teasing you now.

“Yeah, I’d love to explain that when Mrs. Reid brings them up to my apartment.” you let a puff of air pop your lips. “Having to explain that my smart ass boss sent me fake sympathy flowers for my dead vibrator sounds like a great way to spend an afternoon.” you feel another round of laughter coming on.

“And then having to explain why your suspiciously handsome and charismatic boss knew about said vibrator.” the laugh escapes you both simultaneously. “You could just use the flowers for her funeral

afterward, I think that might just finish that dinosaur off." he shook his head, eyes crinkled at the edges.

"Not before she told her bridge club though." you quickly interject.

"'Course not. If spite and gossip alone have kept her going this long, the old broad could tough it out 'til Tuesday." eventually the laughter fades and you let out a long sigh.

"I'm going to think of that every time I see her now." you look away as you take another drink before your coffee gets too cold.

"I'll be sure to tell her to ask you about it when I see her." he grins.

"Don't I have to deal with enough from just you? Why you gotta pick on me so much, Chief?" you playfully whine.

"Because you're the highest on the food chain around here now?" he shrugs. "No one else can take it from me like you can?" are all the suggestions he offers.

You let out a loud snort of laughter, "Oh, I'm aware of how well I can take it from you, Hop." you raise your eyebrows as you lean forward slightly with the joke. Your tired brain was too used up by this late hour to pretend like you didn't have the sense of humor of a 15-year-old boy.

His eyes shut and his face scrunches up, understanding he had been too tired to realize the obvious double meaning of his words. "Dammit, Y'N." he whispers, shaking his head at you. He didn't really care because your high school boys locker room sense of humor was one of his favorite things about you. It wasn't his favorite thing that your mouth did but it was all pretty high on the list.

"Sorry, sorry." you move your hands back and forth apologizing through laughter. "It's been a long fuckin' day." you make as an excuse. It was late, you were both tired, it was bound to happen. Those two factors were usually involved when you two ended up together. You kick back the last of the coffee and toss it in the small bin by the door. You stretch and take a deep breath, standing from your chair, ready to leave.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he raises from his chair, his eyebrow cocked at you.

“Uh…” you look at him confused. “Home?” you say high pitched, you hold your arms open because that’s the obvious answer.

“Not after how much whiskey I poured in that coffee.” he shakes his head.

“Really?” you ask, moving towards him to argue.

“You don’t want to get pulled over.” he smirks. You roll your eyes.

“I’m not drunk Hop, Jesus,” you say exasperated, you turn and sit on the edge of his desk.“I didn’t think I’d get pulled over if I became the cops, ya know?” your eyes follow him as he moves in front of you. “Work your way up, they said, it’s better at the top they said,” you say sarcastically, your eyes rolling again with a smile. “And for what? I work my way up right under you and I still can’t have any fun.” you let out a short-lived chuckle and meet his gaze. He tsks, you shoot him a questioning look. You’re very aware of how close he is to you as his thighs hit your knees.

“I was under the impression that right under me was somewhere you liked being.” the smug charming expression that works across his face made you glad you’d already sat down. You heavily sigh, narrowing your eyes at him.

“Dammit, Hop,” you mumble, looking away from him. His hands move your knees apart. You let him get away with it. “Ya got me with that one.” one corner of your mouth pulls back to smile up at him. He leans over you, his hands resting on either side of your thighs on his desk, his face is close to yours in the low light of his office.

“Am I wrong?” his voice and brow are heavy and low. The problematic butterflies in your stomach are awakened.

“You’re a real piece of work Jim.” your voice came out weaker than you wanted it to. You turn your face from his. Were you really going to add yet another notch in your belt with the Chief? How many

times had you ended up unintentionally sleeping with him over the years now? That unknown count also included the times you'd both slept together very much on purpose. This had been the last of your intentions when you'd made your way in here tonight.
His hand rests against your cheek, turning your face back to him.

"That's not an answer, sweetheart." he says in the same low tone and you shiver. You decide you're too tired and pent-up to fight him off. You never wanted to fight him off though, you just hated admitting that to yourself. But what would the people of Hawkins say if they knew the Chief and Deputy slept together?

"You're not wrong," you whisper, watching him lick his lips at your response. "You rarely are and it's infuriating." you glare up at him before you slide your arms around his neck and pull him hard against you. You both make a small noise on impact. His hands go to your hips before they slide back to your ass, just like they always do when you start kissing him.

His lips are unhurried against yours tonight, he slowed you down. He wasn't interested in working through this as quickly as you were. He moves his hands to your face and holds it as his talented tongue makes you sigh against him, your hands resting on his strong forearms.

"What's the rush tonight, sweetheart?" he pulls away and asks as he starts kissing your neck. You swallow hard and let a small moan be heard, but you keep your mouth closed. "No one else is here, we can take our time," he whispers against your neck.

You whimper at his breath, his voice, his words, just everything about him hit you hard. The last few times you'd slept together had gone by fast. You suppose he just saw an opportunity to switch it up. But what he didn't know was that you'd done this on purpose. Lately, the usual ache that follows his hands on you is different. Now it was making your heart ache too, although he did this unintentionally. You didn't like this new development but it didn't feel like it was completely in your control anymore. He can read you like a book and pulls away the second he even thinks you're hesitating. He leans back, his hands go to rub your shoulders.

“What’s wrong?” he whispers, moving the hair away from your face. It was small intimate things like that that had made your heart start to hurt in the first place. Like how his thumbs kept rubbing back and forth against you even after his hands stop moving. Or how he seemed to know what every sound you made meant. Turning you into his own musical instrument as his practiced body played whichever song he longed to hear that night from you. How could he do the things he did to you and stay so casual about your long nights spent together. Or more importantly, the long nights that went on so long you found yourselves still together through the rising and falling, again, of the sun. It suddenly welled up in your chest and felt wrong, no matter how badly you needed it. Your eyes are tired, but he see’s it’s a good cover for sadness. “Y/N.,” he says low and stern, making you look at him.

You shake your head.

“You know that’s not gonna cut it.” he softens his voice, realizing something is actually wrong and switching off from the course you two had been headed in.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” you whisper. “You don’t need to worry about it. Just let me go home.” you almost plea. His eyes are clear and full of concern.

“You think I’m going to let you out of here without telling me after a mood swing like that?” he takes his hands off of you. “Is it me?” he asks, his hand going to his chest.

Your eyes are wide and you watch his body language become insecure.

“As soon as I started slowing you down you just…” he squints his eyes at you, still confused. “In all the years I’ve known you you’ve never acted like this,” he states. Why did he have to be such a good detective? You sat there as he read you aloud. “What changed?” he asks, his hands are on your thighs but it feels more like it’s to keep you there and not in a romantic way.

“My mind.” you shrug. You didn’t know if you had it in you to disrupt your entire relationship with the Chief tonight. The emotional

exertion made you feel needy and small.

“I didn’t mean to pressure you, sweetheart, I’m sorry.” he quickly retracts his hands from your body. You already miss his warmth.

“Not like that.” you shake your head, grabbing his hands and putting them behind your back, you indulge yourself and wrap your arms around him, he rubs your back. The fabric of his uniform scratched your face but you wanted to hide it from him. “Not just my mind, Hop.” he stays quiet and you breathe him in, hoping this wouldn’t be the last time you got to hold him like this. “My stupid, stupid heart,” you say, your forehead resting against him. “Ugh.” you groan out, raising your head and deciding to face your problems. Just rip this band-aid off dammit, you weren’t getting anywhere suffering like this. “Alright.” you clear your throat. “You know how the last few times we’ve slept together I’ve been really…” you look for the words, “I moved it along really fast?” you look up at him, he nods.

“Yeah that’s why I was trying to take my time tonight,” he says low, confirming your theory. “But that’s not what you want?” he asks, his eyes still confused.

“It is but-” you shake your head. “I had to make it go by fast because when we go slow, I have time to think and not just feel and you’re so…” your face falls and you bite your lip. “Intimate and intense and affectionate and I can’t do that right now with you.” you pause and take his hands in yours. “You make me feel things I can’t deal with when you touch me like that.” a glimmer of understanding flickers behind his eyes. “These aren’t new feelings.” you sigh and squeeze his hands, you pray he doesn’t pull away from you. “They’ve always been there I think.” you scowl. “Something changed at some point and I don’t know what but this…arrangement we find ourselves in might not be the most healthy thing for me anymore.” you try to pull yourself together preemptively. You take another deep breath and look back up in his eyes. “The problem is I don’t want to stop.” you huff out a small laugh, “I really, really don’t want to stop.”

“Then don’t.” he flatly interjects, his eyes were dark and intense and it wasn’t the pitch black sky’s lack of moon that made them seem that way.

“Are you really going to make me say it, Hop?” your voice becoming louder, feeling offended by his response and tone. He looks away with a sigh and you see him scanning the wall behind you as a means to escape your intense gaze. “Because I don’t think it’s fair to do that to someone when you don’t plan on reciprocating the feelings that can come with it.” you let his hands go. Your heart races, your throat is tight and your mouth dry. You try to get off the desk as he slams his hands down, holding you there. Your mouth drops open in astonishment that he’s acting this way. “What the fuck Hopper?” your voice resentful. Your hands are on his biceps, still trying to move his looming form. His face turns to yours, back to being just inches away but you move your upper body away from him. “You wanted to know what was wrong with me and I had the fucking balls to actually tell you and you act like this?” you spit out, you hit your open palms against his arms and he doesn’t even acknowledge your blows. “What’s wrong with YOU?” you shout at him.

“Are you going to make ME say it, Y/N?” he shouts, just inches from your face. You freeze, your hands still against him. Your eyes are wide and you think your heart stops.

“Say…” your mouth trembles open. “Say what, Hop?” you challenge him. His face is reserved, jaw tight. You stare at each other. You remember to start breathing again and your chest rises and falls rapidly. “Don’t do this to me, Hop. It’s not fair, you know it’s not.” the tears come back, your confusion expresses itself as anger.

“Do you really think I don’t feel those things too when I touch you like that?” his voice barely above a whisper, sharp and defensive.

Your mouth is open again, you’ve not forgotten to breathe but you feel light headed anyway. You find your body can’t produce a voice. Your brain isn’t feeling the least bit sleepy at this juncture of the night, but you still question your understanding of his words.
Your lips move and tremble, your shocked and wide eyes speak for you.

“I don’t know about you, Y/N, but I can’t make love with someone like we do without loving them.” his voice is still defensive, but his shoulders drop as he stands, removing his hands to give you the option to leave. “I’d hoped my actions would’ve told you without

having to use my words." he sighs out, his brow furrowed.

You stay quiet because the storm consisting of memories and words you wanted to say was raging in your head too strongly to speak. Your hands rest at the sides of your thighs on the desk's edge. He eventually turns back to you, seeing that you're not leaving. He's slightly confused by your lack of words.

"I thought I needed to hear the words for it to be real." you rasp out, looking at the floor. "I cant just know what you're thinking." you continue to keep your voice small and it draws him back to you. You finally look back up into his eyes. "I thought that I might've felt that you…" your voice falters. "I didn't know how you could do those things without…" you tried again.

"Loving you?" he says, his voice quiet. You nod and reach for him.

"Yeah." a pitiful voice escapes your body and he moves back to you. His hands are on either side of your face, your bodies like they were before you decided to jeopardize your biggest professional and personal relationship.

"I've not done anything without loving you for some time now." he says low, talking straight at you, making sure you knew his intentions.

"Me either." you declare honestly. You place your hands on his forearms again. "Now that we both know what's going on here," you pause and blink slowly at him. "You willing to try this again?" you squeeze his forearms, "And I won't stop you this time?" your nose wrinkles slightly, trying to convey your apology of second-guessing the message he'd been sending you loud and clear all along. But now you knew and that was what was important. It didn't really matter where you went from here, as long as you knew he'd be going with you.

One side of his mouth pulls back into a soft smile. His thumbs rub back and forth across your cheeks. He lets out a breath he felt like he'd been holding in for years. He closes the space between you again, and this time you don't hesitate to indulge him. You could feel your heart banging against your ribs, trying to express itself without

reserve for the first time. Your eyes languidly close, you let the tension leave your body as you give yourself over to him, starting with this kiss.

He wasn't sure what was going to happen after this. He only knew he wanted to give attention to you and these moments together in the dark. He wanted to make sure that you wouldn't be able to misinterpret what he was saying when he touched you again. With a furrowed brow, the way he kissed you slowly and deeply, told you your heartache had been mutual. When one of his hands left your face to coil tightly around your body, holding you close, he told you he was scared you would leave. The way his hand fisted your hair, pushing your mouths closer together harshly, he told you he already thought of you as his. While moaning against him, he moves his kisses down and away from your lips to your neck, to tell you he was listening. His hands would squeeze your soft curves when you breathlessly whispered out his name, to let you know he wanted you just as badly. He pulls away to look into your eyes to see if you were hearing what he was saying to you. The look in each of your eyes tells the other, I love you.

As you gaze up at him, a shaky breath leaves your body. Your fingers and lips trembled with emotion. You had opened your mouth to speak but find you no longer need to. You can finally see what he's been trying to tell you in the way he looks at you. You hope the way you shut your mouth and run your fingertips lightly up his chest, neck, onto his face lets him know you heard him. You look down at his mouth for a weighted moment before pulling him back against you with a whimper.
Now that you were done talking, you wanted to get back to feeling. His fingertips tease the hem of your shirt. You moan quietly against him and he continues running his hands across your bare skin. He groans at you as both his hands find their way to your breasts, covering them and squeezing. You take your hands off of his body long enough to take your shirt off. Before your arms pull the shirt over your head his fingers have made fast work of unhooking your bra, you toss them into the chairs in front of his desk.

He doesn't stay off of you long enough for you to chill from the air of the room. His face buried in your neck and hair, one arm holding you

close around your back, the other back on your breast. You hear his moans when his mouth breaks suction against your skin. The sounds trigger a sensation that runs from your neck, down your body to between your legs making your eyes roll back and reciprocate the noises for him to hear. His fingers work on your nipple, grazing then grabbing and tugging, well rehearsed at the motions that make you ache for him. Once you've released a moan he deems worthy of moving forward, he does. His mouth moves down across your chest to start working his tongue against the other nipple, already hard from the shivers he'd sent crawling over your skin. You let out a needy whine, arching your back and he feels his body quickly reacting to what your sounds are telling him you want from him. With his mouth still making you writhe against him, his other hand makes its way down the front of your jeans. He groans against your breast from the sensation of his fingers sliding across your soaked lips. Your body had always been so responsive to his touch. You gasped at the sudden and steady pressure he rubbed against your clit.

Your hips bucked as your fingers gripped his hair to hold his mouth against you. Your head had fallen back, your hips finding their rhythm against his hand. Your hand moves from his head and onto the surface of the desk. He seized the opportunity for his mouth to escape back to yours. His quick fingers work on taking off his belt and gun, your fingers unbutton his shirt, pushing the edges far apart with your hands. You kick off your sneakers and start moving to get your jeans off of your body. His pants now hanging open, he helps you pull off your jeans and panties. You move your hips to the very edge of the desk, your knees spread as he holds you tightly, hips up against yours. His hand moves between your bodies, his fingers find their way inside you, making you release a small cry for him from your parted lips. As he fucks you with his fingers, he returns to kissing you deeply. His mouth was still not hurried against yours, even as you moaned out for him. His tongue following the same penetrative pattern as he used between your legs made your hips rock against him. Your hands have a tight hold on his shoulders to support yourself as your knees are now bent up, your thighs wide apart. You hoped he'd be inside you like this soon as your legs longed to tightly wrap around him. You felt a strong need to have his body pulled as close to yours as possible. You tell him you need him soon by running your hand across the length of him over the strained

fabric of his underwear. He presses his forehead against yours, breaking your kiss as he openly moans out from your touch. He pulls his fingers from you, his hands moving to expose himself. He presses himself against your wet, hot center. His big hands reach around your legs to hold you tightly against him by your ass and hips. Your hand naturally falls against his chest as he presses your foreheads against each other. You steady yourself as you feel the size and weight of him rocking outside of you slowly. Your hand tightly grips his undershirt, keeping you close together, letting him know you needed more. Your shoulders fall back only slightly when you help hold yourself up with one hand on his desk. His hand rests on the side of your neck as his grunts stop. So does the rocking of his hips as he passionately reconnects with you in a heated kiss. His hips pull back, you feel the head of him against you. You whine with impatience. He takes a deep breath before he bites his lip as you both watch him bury himself inside you. He sees your eyes flutter closed as your mouth drops open, your head falls back as you cry out for him again. He hums with satisfaction as you move your head so your eyes can lock, you were both finished talking, now you just had to feel each other.

He kisses you lightly, his hand back on the side of your face. He groans out as you tense around him. Neither of you were going to last long tonight with your emotions so high. Not that it mattered, that wasn't what this was really about, was it?

You can feel his heartbeat underneath your hand on his chest. You don't know the last time you stopped to let yourself really connect with his body enough to notice it. Your eyes are still fixated on each other, both your mouths in a cycle of being bitten, licked and parted by the moans you built up with the friction of your bodies. His hips were not rushed, just like his mouth. He pushed into you with purpose, angling himself so he worked his length against even the most elusive of spots inside you. Your moans don't grow as loud as they usually do, his slowed pace pumped up the pressure inside you. You didn't feel the need to be showy tonight, and neither did he. Your lips snarl with a cry of his name, he knows you're close, so is he. You swallow each other's moans, your faces look pained but your bodies feel anything but. He hears your breath hitch and pushes his tongue deep into your mouth, you eagerly take more of him farther into your body. You don't shout, you don't gnash your teeth or curse

as you come around him. Your eyes roll back into your head, your hearing fades and you're left with the rhythmic pulse of your own heartbeat in your ears. Your body does shake, squeeze and convulse around him, but instead of letting him hear you, you let him feel you. His arms are around you so tightly you feel your spine crack when your thighs seize up against him. A few stray tears are shaken loose, your hand hits hard on his chest as you grip your fingers into his undershirt in an attempt to praise his work as your eyes squeeze shut, your mouth agape and gasping. You feel his breath against your face, his hips slam into you so hard he scoots the desk across the floor, but he never let even an inch of space grow between your bodies. He pulls back two more times and you hear him come before you feel it. His face is buried in your neck, your arm goes up and around his head, your fingers in his hair. His big lungs force out moans and groans that you don't remember ever hearing before. His cries start low and quickly rise in pitch. You hold him as tightly as you can as he shakes and tremors with your body. His head pulls out of your embrace, he looks down at you just long enough to exhale noisily as he starts kissing you again. His hands tangle in your hair and yours in his. His tongue stroked yours slowly, your lips layered against each other in soft pillowy movements.

When both of you shiver against the relentless cold air, no longer blocked out with other distractions, you part and he grabs your clothes from the chair, holding them out to you after returning himself to the confines of his pants. You shimmy into your jeans and sit back on the desk, hooking your bra together. He holds up the sweatshirt and pulls it over your head, holding it open so you can slide your arms inside the sleeves. His eyes are focused as he fusses with the way the shirt lays on you. He'd never helped you get dressed before. You saw it as a new gesture that told you he loved you. Your heart fluttered at the thought that there might be more new things he could tell you about with his actions than there ever were before. You can't help the smile that spreads across your face as you watch him pick your shoes up from opposite sides of his office, kneeling and putting them on your feet for you. Your heart ached again, but for an entirely different reason

You clear your throat to speak after the long silence. "I know this defeats the purpose of our earlier conversation a bit, " you begin as he rises to stand in front of you, his arms around you, intently

listening. “But,” you rest your chin on his chest, looking up at him with big doe eyes. “I feel like I need to say it out loud.” you preface. He looks down at you, corner of his mouth pulled back just slightly. He runs his fingers through your hair. “I love you.” you quietly confess, a spark in his eyes at the words. “You don’t have to say it.” you give him a sweet smile to let him know you mean it this time. “You are…” you let a small giggle escape from your now, utterly exhausted and orgasm floaty body. “Very skilled at speaking with your hands.” your nose scrunches and you laugh, pressing a kiss to his chest. You move to stand and shake your limbs to reinvigorate them.

“Thank you for understanding.” his voice is sincere but weak.

“Anything for you, Hop.” you stand on your tiptoes to plant a big peck on his lips. You’re still smiling as you move to open his door.

“I’ll walk you out.” he says, following you and grabbing his hat.

You make it to your SUV, you’ve turned around to say your goodbyes. The night is dark and quiet, you hear the traffic lights clicking over, directing traffic that isn’t there.

“I’ll see you in the morning?” you ask, your weight shifting back onto your heels.

“Of course.” he grins at you.

“I like seeing you before I have to be out all day,” you confess, looking around in paranoia that someone could be watching. He didn’t get this close in public with you, ever. “I miss you, you know?” you tilt your head at him, sighing with content. There was so much you longed to say to him, it all threatened to stream out of your mouth. You reel it all in, there’d be plenty of time for that later. You swoon up at him in adoration, your mouth in a lazy smirk. “I’ll see you in…” you look at your watch, “a few hours.” you giggle as you realize how damn late it’s gotten.

“You going to miss me after you leave too? For those few hours?” he teases you, his hands moving to your hips. You narrow your eyes suspiciously in approval at how much he was touching you where

someone else could possibly see.

“Well, yeah, and don’t tease a woman for feeling mildly embarrassing things about you because she loves you.” you close your eyes to laugh and put your hands on his arms. When you look back up at him, prepared to turn and leave, the look in his eyes stops you.

“I always miss you when you’re gone too.” he admits, chewing the inside of his cheek. You bite your lip as a blush rises to your face.

“Oh, Hop. My big lion-hearted man.” you purr at him, your best charming smile on your face, your fingers squeeze around his biceps at his use of words. “Sensitive looks really sexy on you.” you flirt. You see him raise his head, looking around like you had earlier for prying eyes.

He leans in and kisses you. He was kissing you in public. You never thought you’d see the day. What you thought was a cheeky goodnight kiss soon turned out to be something much more serious from his end. You feel his fingertips grip you, pushing you against the side of your car. You let out a small 'oof' as he goes hard and deep into your mouth, pulling away after successfully making you light-headed with his intensity. You open your eyes to see the blue skies contained within his eyes, absolutely beaming down at you. How could you have ever questioned his motives? He pushes your foreheads together, his arms around your back.

“I love it when you look at me like that.” he whispers, kissing you softly. You blush again, for someone who said they weren’t good with words, he certainly always seemed to know what to say.

“How could I not?” you match his tone and volume, smiling at him like a much younger woman in love, one who’d never had her heart broken before.

“I love you.” he says so delicately quiet, a slight hitch in his voice. Your bottom lip quivers, your shoulders slump and you push your body against his.

“Jim…” you whisper. Your hand finds it’s way over his heart like it always does. He clears his throat and tries again.

“I love you.” he clearly states, grabbing both sides of your face. He takes a heavy breath, shaking his head. “I’m an asshole for not telling you sooner.” His words come out in a rush. He kisses you slowly, softly. You whimper in the arms of the man you loved, completely, hopelessly melted into him. “I’m sorry.” he murmurs into your mouth.

“Forgiven,” you mumble back, you feel him smile against your lips. He breaks the contact and hovers over you. “You’re not afraid someone’s gonna see?” you ask him eventually, even though you’re enjoying the closeness. He shrugs, a charming smirk across his ruggedly handsome face.

“What’re they gonna do? Call the cops?” he jokes, his head moving in the delivery of his smart-ass remark. You wheeze out a suppressed laugh.

You pat his chest to separate your bodies. “As much as I don’t want to I’m going to go home so I can maybe squeeze in a nap before I come back here.” he lets you go, shutting your door for you, you roll down the window after you turn the SUV on. “I’ll see you in a few, Hop. Since I won’t be able to say it when I see you in the morning… love ya.” you scrunch your nose up at your own corniness. He leans down to the window, his arms taking up the majority of the space.

“We’ll work on changing that soon too.” his voice is low and even again. He leans in to kiss you one more time. “Love you too, baby.” he coos against your lips before leaning back out the window. You animatedly shiver, reaching for the lever to roll up the window.
“Oh, baby, huh? I could get used to you calling me that one, that’s new.” you tease him, your tongue peeking out of your mouth just slightly at him. He lets out a small laugh, looking away from you.
“Yeah, don’t get used to that one. You just ruined it.” he shakes his head, his nose scrunched up in fake distaste. His eyes sparkling at you while you snort with laughter. “Get outta here, trouble.” he directs you in his Chief voice. He hits his fist against the side of your car, your final signal to go.
You knew he always stayed outside and watched you leave, no matter when or where it happened to be. You let the warm feeling of mutual love spread across your skin. You realize every time he’s stood outside and watched you go, he was telling you he cared about

you. In how many different back windows had you watched him see you off? If it was a good or bad bye, after a fight or after making love, sun or snow he always stood there. He was telling you he loved you. You let yourself float through all the things you'd been fighting hard not to think about because they had hurt, but now you felt you might not be able to stop thinking about them. These were what you liked to call good problems.